

THE DOCTOR AS THE NURSE KNOWS HIM

By GRACE HOLMES

PHYSICIAN—surgeon—Is he not a man
Like unto other men—with hopes as high?
Is not his heart of hearts kept pure, by God
And wife and child and home, the same as thine?

Sometimes "Our Father" deems it best to send
Sorrow and trouble into homes of men—
Does *your* heart falter cold and sick with fear?
Are sorrows such as these unknown to him?

No—every human heart knows its own grief
And he—this man of iron nerve, has stood
With bowed head and white and tearless face
While "Dust to dust" was said over his own.

Again—I see his eager anxious face
As in the silent watches of the night
He stood beside a lowly cot of pain
And whispered low "Lord show me what to do."

Those hungry hopeless eyes looked into his;
He met the unspoken question with brave look
And faltered not—but all the long night thro
With ceaseless energy he labored on.

His Father heard his prayer and answered it
A precious life is saved—as by his skill.
—The daylight comes—and does he pause for rest?
To sterner duties his high office calls.

And I have stood beside this surgeon there
Where men lay down their lives in simple trust
Beneath the skilful hand of him who seeks
To stem the weary tide of human pain.

And I have seen him work with bated breath
To snatch—it almost seemed from God's own hand
The soul that had well nigh escaped
Its earthly dwelling place—"Not made with hands."

And I have seen him draw quick breath again,
 Have seen the glad light leap into his eyes
 As feeble, slow, unsure, reluctantly
 The tiny, priceless spark flamed up again.

And I have stood beside him there once more—
 A pure and holy reverence in his face—
 When he has laid her little first born child
 Where God has planned its safest resting place.

And memory recalls another scene—
 A soul has gone into the great beyond—
 And he—as with a woman's gentle touch—
 Closes the dull eyes, folds the lifeless hands.

'Tis that your eyes are dimmed with tears, if you
 Have failed to read his look of sympathy.
 He's gone—His silent hand clasped seemed to say
 "You need the Great Physician for *this* pain."

A NEW CRANFORD—CONTINUED

By ISABEL McISAAC

CHAPTER IV. OTHER PEOPLE'S CHILDREN

Two commonly accepted fallacies among us are that poverty and ignorance are at the bottom of most wrong-doing and that poverty, ignorance and wrong-doing are confined to the cities. It is of the first fallacy I would like to tell a little story which is true except in its geography. Several years ago there emigrated to the United States from Canada an undersized palefaced little Frenchman who had grown up in the back streets and alleys of Montreal. Properly his name was Pierre Desjardin, but his fellow workman on West Madison Street could not be expected to master any name so euphonious and he soon came to be known as French Pete. Our first acquaintance with Pete was when he came as a plumber's helper to mend frozen water pipes; he was at that time ragged, not overclean, thin, and constantly enveloped in the smoke from the vilest tobacco one could imagine, his manners were what might be called "fresh" to use one of his own expressions and he did not hesitate to express an opinion of a household of unmarried women, and we in return at the end of his first visit declared him to be an "odious